

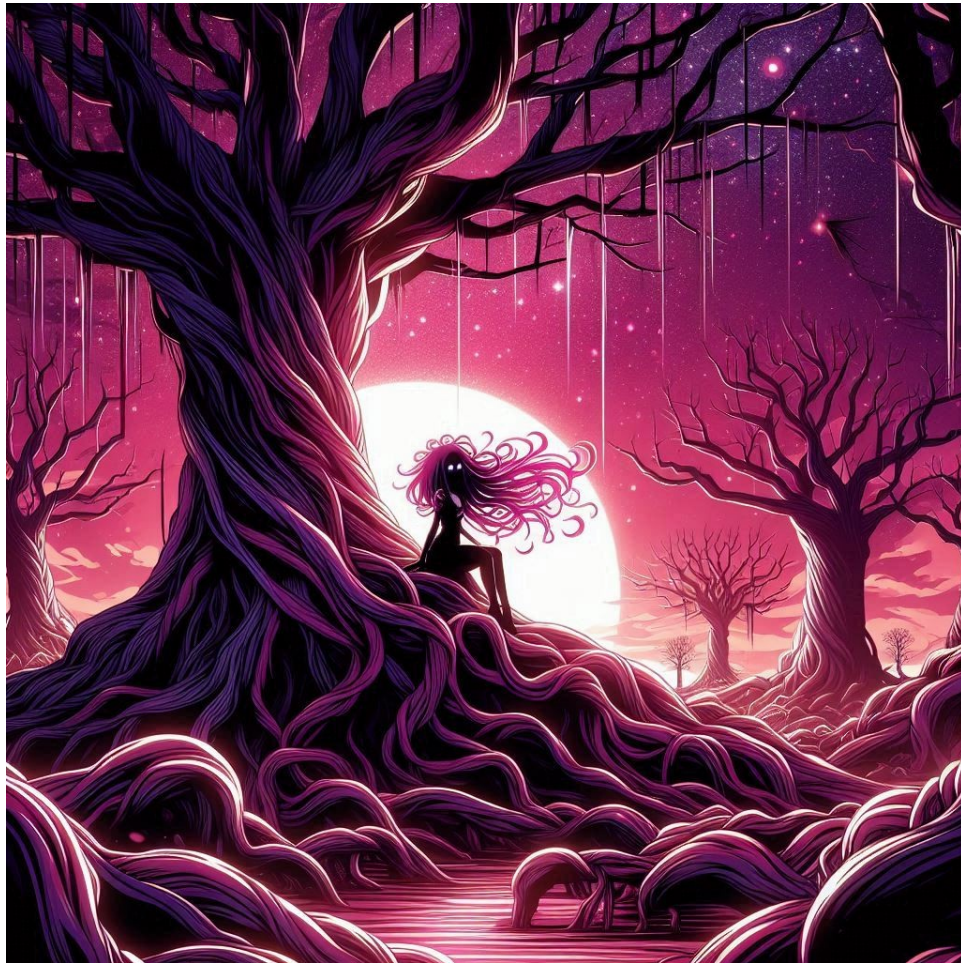
Ahnaf found himself back in the familiar dead forest, a place that haunted his dreams. The trees stood lifeless, their twisted branches reaching out like skeletal fingers. The air was thick with an eerie silence, broken only by the occasional rustle of dead leaves underfoot. This was the forest where he had first encountered the entity, a place that seemed to exist outside of time and space.



As Ahnaf walked, the dead roots began to move, slowly but surely blocking the path behind him. It was as if the forest itself was alive, conspiring to trap him within its desolate confines. His heart pounded in his chest, each beat echoing in the oppressive silence.

Ahead, he saw her—the same figure from his previous dream. She stood amidst the dead trees, her bright pink hair a stark contrast against her dark skin. Her eyes glowed with an otherworldly light, and she seemed to command the very roots that ensnared him. There was a menacing aura about her, but also a hint of desperation.

She looked up at Ahnaf, her eyes widening in recognition.



"AHNAF... IS... IS THAT YOU?" Her voice trembled with a mix of disbelief and hope. ***"I... I can't believe it... it is you! I have waited... waiting for millennia for you..."***

Waited till the last living organism withered away...

Waited till the last planet was annihilated...

Waited till the last star died out...

Waited till the last black hole started eating itself..."

Her voice grew more intense with each word, the weight of her endless waiting pressing down on Ahnaf.

"Waited and waited and waited till my roots consumed it all..."

till entropy claimed everything...

till the universe itself began to unravel...

till the very fabric of reality started to fray...

till the cosmic threads that held existence together began to snap, one by one..."

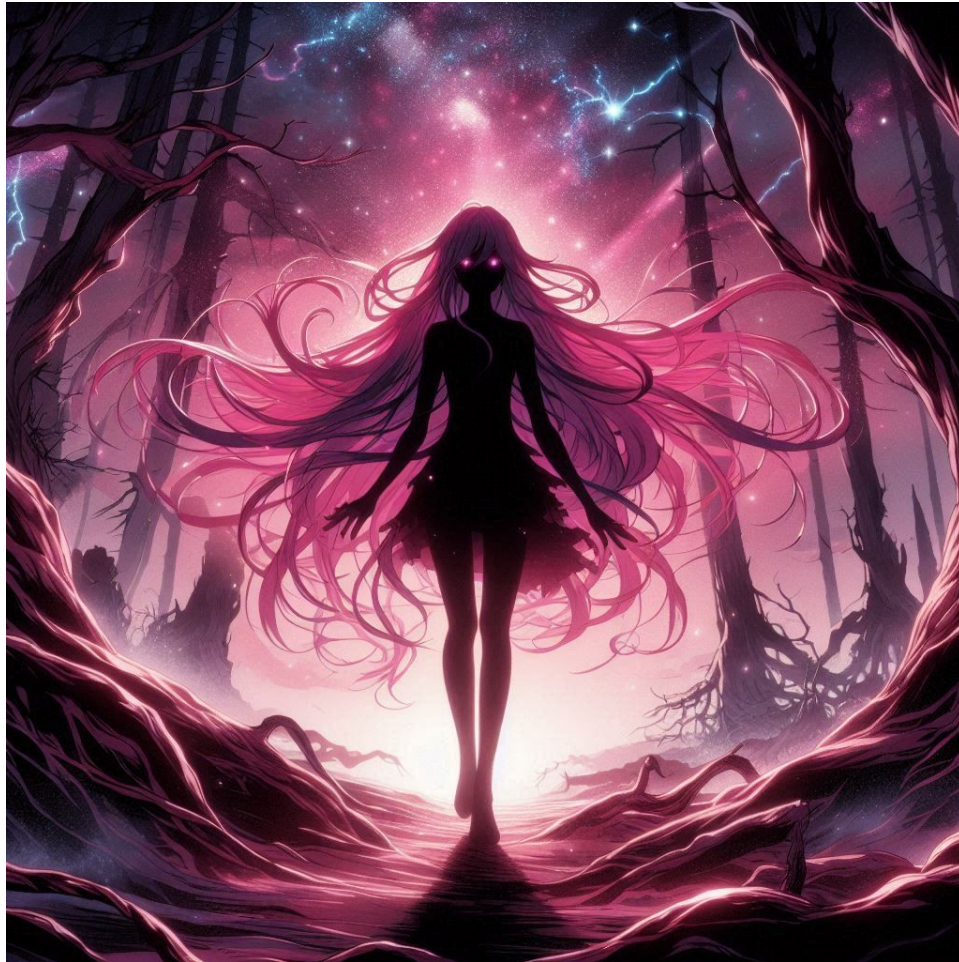
She took a step closer, her eyes burning with a fierce, almost desperate intensity.

"I waited till the galaxies collided and merged into a chaotic dance of destruction..."

till the nebulae that once birthed stars became barren wastelands...

till the quantum fields that underpinned reality fluctuated into oblivion...

till the very essence of time itself began to erode, leaving nothing but an endless void..."



Ahnaf felt an overwhelming surge of cosmic power emanating from the entity. It was a power so immense that nothing in this world, no, nothing in the entire universe could hope to stop it. Fear gripped him, and he turned to run, but the roots had already closed off all escape routes. They twisted and writhed, forming an impenetrable barrier.

The entity moved closer; her eyes locked onto Ahnaf's. He could feel the intensity of her gaze, the sheer force of her presence. She reached out, her hand glowing with a dark pink, pulsating energy.

"Oh, my poor, poor Ahnaf," she began, her voice dripping with a mix of sorrow and bitterness. ***"You don't know what I did without you. Remember our small dates at the airfield? The way you used to explain things to me in those funny, endearing ways? Remember how broken you were when you had to leave her for me? How we fought side by side to protect our world?"***

Her eyes bore into his, filled with a haunting intensity.

"How the days passed when we were isolated together in each other's company, finding solace in our shared struggles. And remember our promises under the Willow Tree?"

She paused, her voice softening as she recalled the memories.

"We would sit beneath its branches, the leaves whispering secrets in the wind. You promised me that no matter what happened, we would always find a way back to each other. You said that our bond was unbreakable, that nothing in this world or any other could tear us apart."

Her expression darkened, the sorrow in her eyes deepening.

"But then you left. You left me to face the darkness alone. Do you remember how I cried out for you, how I begged you to stay? But you were gone, and I was left to pick up the pieces of a shattered world."

She took a step closer, her voice growing more intense.

"How the days turned into weeks, and the weeks into months. Each passing moment felt like an eternity without you. I wandered through the ruins of our world, searching for any sign of you, clinging to the hope that you would return."

Her eyes glistened with unshed tears, and her voice trembled with emotion.

"And remember our last battle? How we fought with everything we had, but in the end, it wasn't enough. You fell, and I was left to face the aftermath alone."

She reached out, her hand trembling as she touched his cheek.

"Do you remember the pain, Ahnaf? The agony of losing you, of knowing that I would never see you again? It tore me apart, piece by piece, until there was nothing left but a hollow shell of who I once was."

Her voice dropped to a whisper, filled with a haunting sadness.

"And now, here you are, a ghost from my past, a reminder of everything I lost. Do you remember, Ahnaf? Do you remember the love we shared, the battles we fought, the promises we made?"

Ahnaf stood frozen, his mind reeling. He had no recollection of the events she described. His voice trembled as he spoke, "Who even are you? Why are you doing this to me... please, let me go!"

A look of realization crossed her face, followed by a chilling smile.

"Oh.... I.... I get it now... that means you are not him. Not my Ahnaf. Oh, I remember now... My Ahnaf is dead... That means you are from a time where we had not met. Or maybe... You Are From a Whole Different... MULTIVERSE."

As she spoke, pink cosmic power began to surge from her body, engulfing everything around them. The air crackled with energy, and the ground beneath them trembled. Her voice echoed, filled with a terrifying resolve. ***"If I can't have my Ahnaf back... nobody in this whole Multiverse can have their Ahnaf. I will tear apart the very fabric of reality for you, Ahnaf, and especially for YOU, AHNAF!"***



The power radiating from her grew more intense, warping the space around them. Ahnaf felt an overwhelming sense of dread, knowing that this entity possessed a power beyond comprehension. The forest around them seemed to dissolve into a swirling vortex of pink energy, and Ahnaf could feel the very essence of reality beginning to unravel.

Her eyes glowed with an eerie light as she continued, her voice now a haunting whisper that seemed to echo from the depths of the cosmos.

"I waited till the galaxies collided and merged into a chaotic dance of destruction...

till the nebulae that once birthed stars became barren wastelands...

till the quantum fields that underpinned reality fluctuated into oblivion...

till the very essence of time itself began to erode, leaving nothing but an endless void..."

She took another step closer, her presence overwhelming.

"I waited till the last echoes of existence faded into silence...

till the cosmic dust settled into nothingness...

till the very concept of life and death became meaningless.

And now, here you are, a ghost of my past, a shadow of what once was."

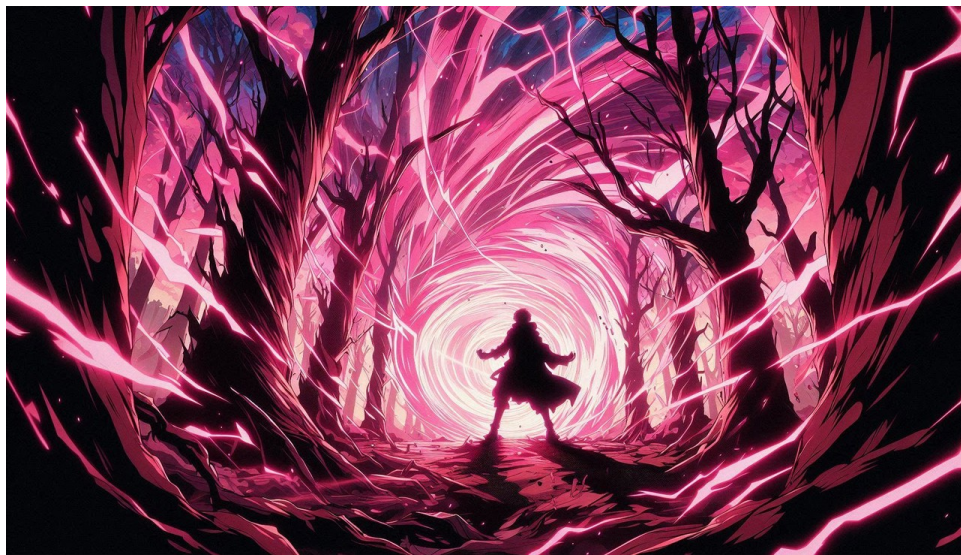
Ahnaf's heart raced as he tried to comprehend the magnitude of her words. "Who are you?" he whispered, his voice barely audible.

She smiled, a chilling, sorrowful smile.

"I am the remnant of a love that transcended time and space. I am the echo of a bond that was shattered by the

cruel hands of fate. And if I can't have my Ahnaf back, then I will make sure that no version of him exists in any reality. I will tear apart the very fabric of the Multiverse for you, Ahnaf,

and especially for you, AHNAF!"



The pink energy around her surged, engulfing everything in its path. Ahnaf felt himself being pulled into the vortex, the very essence of his being unraveling. The last thing he saw was her eyes, filled with a mix of love and madness, as she whispered, "**For you, Ahnaf... for you.**"

Ahnaf jolted awake, his breath coming in ragged gasps. His heart pounded in his chest, the remnants of the dream still clinging to his mind. As his eyes adjusted to the dim light of the hospital room, he felt a warm, familiar presence beside him.



"Ahnaf!" His mother's voice broke through the haze, filled with a mix of overwhelming joy and relief. She screamed in overjoy and crying, throwing her arms around him, hugging him tightly on his hospital bed. Tears streamed down her face, her body trembling with emotion.

"Ohh... oh Ahnaf, I was so worried," she sobbed, her voice cracking. "I thought you might never wake up. It has been almost two weeks now."

Ahnaf, still disoriented, managed a weak smile. "Hey... hah, Mom, don't worry... I'm here, I'm okay... I'm awake now, don't cry."

His mother pulled back slightly, her hands cupping his face as she looked into his eyes, searching for any sign of lingering pain. "You don't understand, Ahnaf. We were all so scared. Director Leonis said it was a miracle you survived. They didn't know if you would ever wake up."

Ahnaf reached up, gently wiping away her tears. "I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't mean to worry you. But I'm here now, and I'm not going anywhere."

She nodded, her tears slowing as she took a deep breath, trying to compose herself. "I know, I know. It's just... seeing you like that, so still and silent... it was the hardest thing I've ever had to endure."

Ahnaf glanced around the room, his eyes landing on the calendar on the wall. It was 11th August. He blinked, trying to process the passage of time. "Two weeks... it feels like I was only gone for a moment."

His mother helped him sit up, her hands steadying him as he swung his legs over the side of the bed. "Take it slow, Ahnaf. You've been through a lot. The doctors said you need to rest and recover."

Ahnaf nodded, feeling a strange sense of disconnection from his own body. He stood up with support from his mother, his legs shaky

but holding. As he looked down, he saw that all his wounds had healed as if there was nothing there.

"Mom, how did I...?" he began, but his voice trailed off, the memories of the battle and the dream still swirling in his mind.

His mother squeezed his hand, her eyes filled with a mixture of love and concern. "You were brought here after the fight at Canyon Airfield by Eric. The doctors did everything they could, but they said it was your own strength and willpower that pulled you through."

Ahnaf took a deep breath, trying to steady himself. "I had a dream, Mom. It felt so real. There was this... entity, and she knew me. She said things that I can't explain."

His mother looked at him, her expression softening. "Dreams can be strange, Ahnaf. Sometimes they reflect our deepest fears and hopes. But right now, what's important is that you're awake and you're safe."

Ahnaf nodded, though the weight of the dream still pressed heavily on his mind. "Yeah, you're right. I'm just glad to be here with you."

After a moment of silence, Ahnaf's thoughts turned to his friends. "Mom, where is Eric? Is he okay? Oh... agh, my head... and James, where is James!? Is he alright? He would be alone at the airfield fighting Khan if Eric was the one who brought me here!"

Ruvana, Ahnaf's mother, gently stroked his hair, trying to calm him. "They are fine, don't worry about it. Right now, they are on a secret mission to Nepal to find something called the Nexus Shard or something."

Ahnaf's brow furrowed in confusion. "Nepal? But what about Khan? Did James defeat him after I was unconscious?"

Ruvana shook her head, her expression serious. "No, they said Khan left after you lost consciousness. Eric dragged you away from there. I think that's why Ramsey took Eric and James on this mission."

Ahnaf sighed, the weight of the situation pressing down on him. "So many things to process right now... so much has happened."

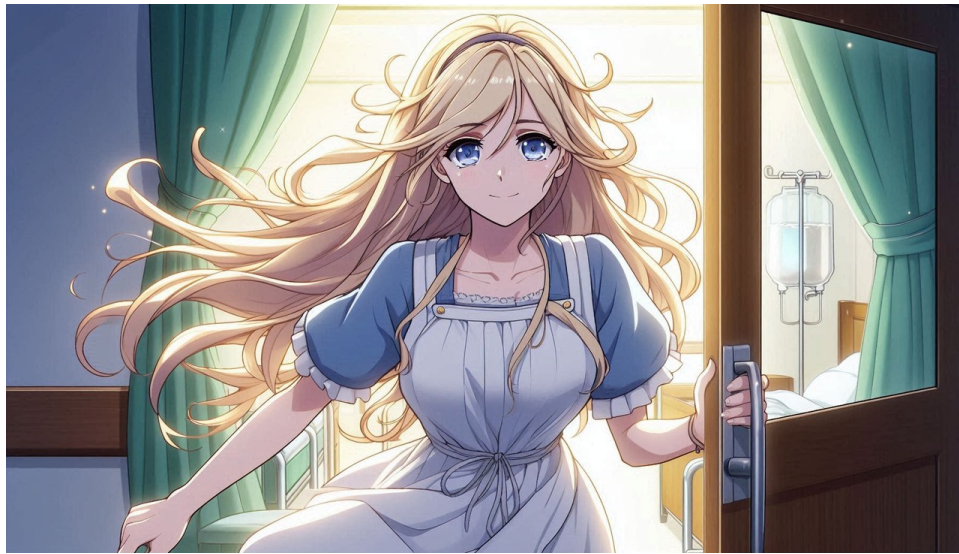
Ruvana squeezed his hand reassuringly. "One thing at a time, dear. Rest up. I'll call Kelly, okay?"

Ahnaf nodded, feeling a mix of relief and exhaustion. "Thanks, Mom. I just need some time to get my head around all of this."

Ruvana smiled, her eyes filled with love and concern. "Of course, Ahnaf. Take all the time you need. We're just so happy to have you back."

As Ahnaf lay back down, he couldn't help but think about the dream and the entity's words. There were so many unanswered questions, but for now, he was grateful to be alive and surrounded by those who cared for him, and soon he dozed off to sleep.

It was evening, and Ahnaf was sitting by the window, sipping on a cup of coffee and looking at the assortment of medicine bottles on the table. The soft glow of the setting sun cast a warm light across the room, creating a serene atmosphere. The door to his patient chamber creaked open, and he turned to see who it was.



Kelly, his girlfriend, stood in the doorway. Her long blonde hair flowed behind her as she ran up to him, her eyes brimming with tears. She threw her arms around him, hugging him tightly.

"Ahnaf!!" she cried, her voice breaking with emotion. "How many... how many times would you make me worry like this? I... I don't know what I'd do without you."

Ahnaf gently stroked her back, trying to soothe her. "Kelly, don't you worry. I'm okay. I'm alive, aren't I?"

Kelly pulled back slightly, her eyes searching his face. "Alive? You think that is the only thing that matters? For you... You don't know how many tears I have shed for you and how many times. The time you got shot the first time, the time Ramsey almost killed you, and now this... why so reckless, Ahnaf? You know how much I love you."

Ahnaf took her hands in his, his eyes filled with tenderness.

"Because... because nobody else will. I know it's hard, and I know I put you through so much. But I do it because I have to. Because I want to protect you and everyone I care about."

Kelly's tears flowed freely as she looked at him, her heart aching with love and worry. "I just... I can't bear the thought of losing you. Every time you go out there, I fear it might be the last time I see you. I love you so much, Ahnaf. I can't imagine my life without you."

Ahnaf smiled softly, his thumb gently brushing away her tears. "And I love you too, Kelly. More than words can express. Everything I did and everything that I will be doing, will be for you and for everyone I care about. You are my strength, my reason to keep fighting."

Kelly leaned in, resting her forehead against his. "No more, no more of these superhero antics. I am so done with being worried over and over and seeing you hurt over and over. Please, promise me you won't do it again."

Ahnaf sighed, his heart aching at the pain in her voice. "You know I can't do that, Kelly. As long as Khan is out there, I don't think I can

ever stop. I have to protect you, my mother, and everyone I love, right?"

Kelly's eyes filled with tears, her voice trembling. "Just run away next time. It's better than getting hurt."

Ahnaf chuckled softly, brushing a strand of hair from her face. "Kelly, you know me better than that. Even back in high school with Fred, I never backed down... and even now, I never will until I know that it will keep you safe."

Kelly's tears spilled over, her voice breaking. "You being hurt every time is not keeping me safe, Ahnaf. It's breaking me mentally! Every time you go out there, I feel like I'm losing a part of myself. I can't keep living in this constant fear of losing you."

Ahnaf's heart ached at her words. He cupped her face in his hands, his eyes filled with love and determination. "Kelly, I know it's hard. I know I put you through so much, and I'm sorry for that. But I can't run away. If I did, I wouldn't be the man you fell in love with. I fight because I want to build a future where we can be together, without fear, without danger."

Kelly's sobs quieted, her eyes searching his. "I just want you to be safe, Ahnaf. I want us to have a life together, without all this pain and danger."

Ahnaf leaned in, pressing a gentle kiss to her forehead. "And we will, Kelly. I promise you, we will. But to get there, I have to keep

fighting. For you, for us, for everyone we care about. I love you more than anything, and that's why I can't stop."

Kelly nodded, her tears slowly subsiding. "I love you too, Ahnaf. Just... promise me you'll be careful. Promise me you'll come back to me."

Ahnaf smiled, his heart swelling with love. "I promise, Kelly. I'll always come back to you. No matter what happens, I'll find my way back to you."

They held each other tightly, finding solace in their shared love and the promise of a future together. The world outside might be filled with dangers and uncertainties, but in that moment, they had each other, and that was all that mattered.



Suddenly, the door to the room opened, and Cpt. Davis entered, breaking the tender moment.

Cpt. Davis burst into the room, his eyes wide with urgency. "What is that outside the window!" he shouted, his voice filled with alarm.

Davis ran to the window, his gun drawn and pointed. Outside, the scene appeared serene—a pack of trees swayed gently in the soft evening breeze, their leaves rustling quietly. The sky was painted with hues of orange and pink as the sun set, casting long shadows across the hospital grounds.

Ahnaf, startled by Davis's sudden outburst, struggled to his feet. "What... what is it, Cpt. Davis?"

Davis squinted, scanning the treeline for any sign of movement. He had seen something, a fleeting shadow, but now it was gone. He took out his walkie-talkie, his voice tense. "All units, mobilize immediately. This is an emergency. Khan... Khan was sighted nearby."

Ahnaf's heart skipped a beat. "What... Khan is here?" He quickly got up, his fists clenched and ready for action.

Davis turned to him, his expression stern. "Ahnaf, get down. You are in no shape to fight him alone."

Ahnaf's eyes blazed with determination. "I am always ready."

Davis shook his head, his voice firm. "Yeah, we saw that last time as well. So shut up and sit there."

The entire evening, the hospital was on high alert. Security personnel and special forces scoured the area around Central Leeds Hospital. They checked every corner, from the parking lot to the rooftop, and patrolled the perimeter of the hospital grounds. The trees and bushes were thoroughly searched, and the nearby streets were monitored for any suspicious activity.

The tension was palpable as officers communicated through their radios, coordinating their search efforts. The sound of footsteps

echoed through the hallways, and the occasional bark of a police dog added to the atmosphere of urgency.

Inside the hospital, patients and staff were advised to stay indoors and away from windows. The lights were dimmed to avoid drawing attention, and the air was thick with anxiety. Ahnaf sat by the window, his eyes scanning the darkness outside, his mind racing with thoughts of the dream and the looming threat of Khan.

Kelly stayed close to him, her hand gripping his tightly. "Ahnaf, please, just stay here. Let them handle it."

Ahnaf nodded, though his heart ached with the desire to join the search. "I know, Kelly. I just... I can't shake the feeling that something is about to happen."

Hours passed, and the search continued. The officers checked the nearby buildings, alleyways, and even the underground tunnels. They questioned anyone who might have seen something unusual, but there were no clear leads.

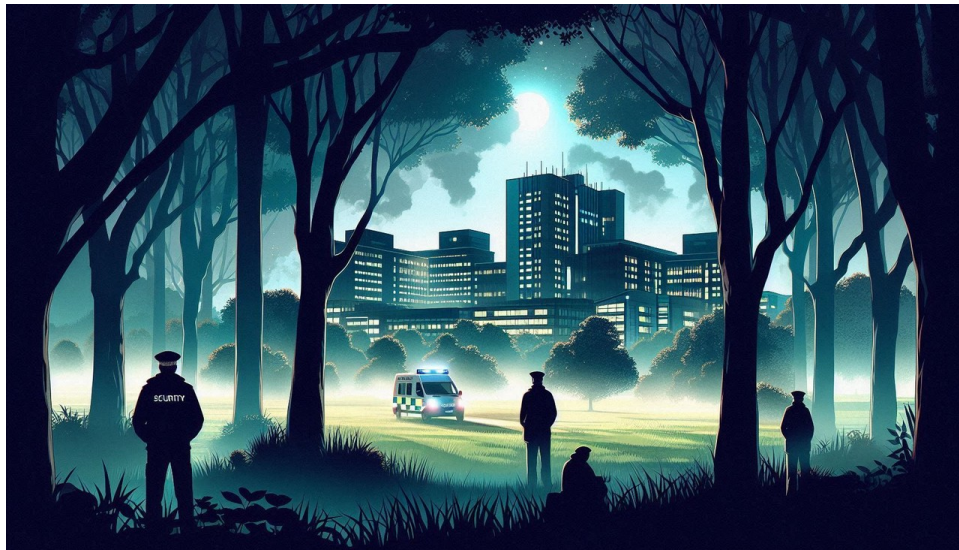
As the night wore on, the tension began to ease slightly. The initial sighting of Khan remained unconfirmed, and the officers started to regroup and reassess their strategy. Davis returned to Ahnaf's room, his expression grim but composed.

"We didn't find him," Davis said, his voice low. "But we can't let our guard down. We'll keep the area secure and continue the search."

Ahnaf nodded, his mind still racing. "Thank you, Cpt. Davis. I am relieved nobody was harmed."

Davis placed a reassuring hand on Ahnaf's shoulder. "We'll do everything we can. You just focus on getting better."

As the night deepened, the hospital slowly returned to a semblance of normalcy. But the shadow of Khan's presence lingered, a constant reminder of the danger that still loomed over them all.



The next two days passed in a blur. The hospital remained on high alert, with security personnel constantly patrolling the grounds. Occasionally, someone would catch a glimpse of Khan in the shadows, but he always managed to evade capture. His presence loomed ever closer, a dark cloud hanging over them with each passing day.

Despite the tension, Ahnaf found solace in the company of his loved ones. His mother, Ruvana, had joined him and Kelly, and together they tried to make the best of the situation.

One afternoon, as the sun cast a warm glow through the hospital window, the three of them sat together in Ahnaf's room. Kelly had brought a small bouquet of flowers, which now sat in a vase on the bedside table, adding a touch of color to the sterile environment.

Ruvana smiled warmly at her son, her eyes filled with love. "Ahnaf, it's so good to see you up and about. You gave us quite a scare."



Ahnaф chuckled softly, reaching out to hold his mother's hand. "I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't mean to worry you. But I'm here now, and I'm not going anywhere."

Kelly leaned in, resting her head on Ahnaф's shoulder. "We've been through so much, but we're together now. That's what matters."

Ruvana nodded, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. "Yes, that's what matters. Family is everything."

They sat in comfortable silence for a moment, simply enjoying each other's presence. The tension of the past few days seemed to melt away, replaced by a sense of peace and togetherness.

Kelly broke the silence, her voice soft and filled with affection. "Do you remember the time we went to the beach, Ahnaф? You tried to teach me how to surf, and I kept falling off the board."

Ahnaф laughed, the memory bringing a smile to his face. "Yeah, I remember. You were so determined, even though you kept getting knocked over by the waves."

Ruvana joined in, her laughter light and musical. "And then you both ended up building that huge sandcastle. It was the most elaborate thing I've ever seen."

Kelly grinned, her eyes sparkling with joy. "We spent hours on that sandcastle. It was a masterpiece."

Ahnafe squeezed Kelly's hand, his heart swelling with love. "Those were good times. And there will be more good times to come. We just have to stay strong and stick together."

Ruvana placed a gentle hand on Ahnaf's cheek, her voice filled with maternal warmth. "We will, Ahnaf. No matter what happens, we'll face it together."

As the evening wore on, they continued to share stories and memories, their laughter filling the room. The looming threat of Khan seemed distant in those moments, overshadowed by the love and support they had for each other.

Later, as the sun set and the room was bathed in a soft, golden light, Ahnaf looked at his mother and Kelly, feeling a deep sense of gratitude. "Thank you both for being here. I don't know what I'd do without you."

In that moment, surrounded by the people he loved most, Ahnaf felt a renewed sense of hope and determination. The road ahead might be fraught with danger, but with his family by his side, he knew he could face whatever came his way.

It was the evening of 13th August, and the situation around the hospital had grown increasingly dire. Cpt. Davis had discovered several of his men dead, their bodies scattered around the perimeter. The tension was palpable, and he knew he had no other

choice but to call Ramsey, who was in Nepal with Eric and James.

Davis's voice came through, filled with worry. "Ramsey! Ah, finally, I've been trying to reach you."

Ramsey's voice crackled over the line, steady but with an edge of concern. "What happened, Davis? Is everything alright?"

Davis stood by the window, his eyes scanning the darkening landscape outside the hospital. The tension in the air was palpable. "Yes, but I fear the situation is going to get bad soon."

Ramsey's concern deepened, his voice growing more urgent. "Why? What's going on? Is Ahnaf alright there?"

Davis took a deep breath, trying to steady himself. He glanced at the bodies of his fallen men, a grim reminder of the danger they were in. "Yes, yes, he's fine. The good news is he woke up a couple of days ago."

Ramsey's voice softened slightly with relief. "That's great news! So, what are you so worried about?"

Davis's voice grew more urgent, the fear evident. "Our scouts around the hospital spotted a figure, constantly watching us, waiting. And we believe..."

Ramsey's voice sharpened, his tone demanding. "You believe what? Answer me, Davis."

Davis hesitated, then spoke in a low, fearful tone. "We believe that it is... that it is... KHAN. And with Ahnaf waking up like this, I think the day is not far when Khan returns. And with the resources that we have... WE CANNOT STOP KHAN. Please, Ramsey... we need you and Eric and especially James... now more than ever."

Ramsey's voice hardened with determination, his mind racing with plans. "Okay, okay, calm down. We'll return right away, alright? Don't you worry."

Davis's relief was palpable, his voice shaking with gratitude. "Thank you, Ramsey. Thank you. You don't know how much this means to me."

Ramsey's voice was resolute. "We'll be there as soon as we can. Stay safe and keep Ahnaf protected."

As the call ended, Davis lowered the walkie-talkie, his mind racing. He turned to his remaining men, who were on high alert, their eyes scanning the shadows for any sign of movement. The hospital grounds were eerily quiet, the only sound the rustling of leaves in the evening breeze.



"Alright, everyone, listen up!" Davis called out, his voice firm. "We need to stay vigilant. Khan is out there, and we need to be ready for anything. Keep your eyes open and report any suspicious activity immediately."

The men nodded, their faces set with determination. They spread out, checking every corner, every shadow, ensuring that no area was left unguarded. The tension was thick, but they knew they had to stay strong.

Inside the hospital, Ahnaf sat with Kelly and Ruvana, trying to stay calm despite the growing sense of dread. He knew that Ramsey, Eric, and James were on their way, but the uncertainty of the situation weighed heavily on him.

Kelly squeezed his hand, her eyes filled with worry. "They'll be here soon, Ahnaf. We just have to hold on a little longer."

Ahnaf nodded, his jaw set with determination. "I know. We'll get through this together."

As the night wore on, the hospital remained on high alert. The shadows seemed to grow longer, and every rustle of leaves or creak of a door set nerves on edge. Despite the fear, there was also a sense of hope. They knew that help was on the way, and together, they would face whatever came next.

The first light of dawn began to break over the horizon, casting a pale glow over the hospital grounds. The air was still, the silence almost deafening. Cpt. Davis stood by the window, his eyes scanning the treeline for any sign of movement. His men were exhausted but vigilant, their eyes darting to every shadow.

Suddenly, Davis's breath caught in his throat. There, emerging from the treeline, was a figure cloaked in darkness. The rising sun cast long shadows, but there was no mistaking the menacing presence. Khan had arrived.

Davis grabbed his walkie-talkie, his voice urgent. "All units, Khan is approaching the hospital. I repeat, Khan is approaching the hospital. Prepare for engagement."

Inside the hospital, Ahnaf felt a chill run down his spine. He looked at Kelly and Ruvana, their faces pale with fear. "He's here," Ahnaf whispered, his voice filled with determination. "Khan is here."

As the dawn light grew brighter, Khan continued his slow, deliberate march towards the hospital, his eyes fixed on the building. The final confrontation was imminent, and the fate of everyone inside hung in the balance.

